

English Gratitude

OR, THE

Whig MISCELLANY,

Consisting of the following

P O E M S.

- I. On the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's
going into *Germany*.
- II. The OAK and the BRIAR. *A Tale*.
- III. An INSCRIPTION upon a Triumphal
Arch Erected by the *French* King in
Memory of his Victories, for which the
Author had a Thousand Pound.
- IV. The same Revers'd.
- V. On Burning the Bishop of St. *Asaph's*
PREFACE.
- VI. The FAVOURITE. *A Simile*.

L O N D O N :

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English Edition of
OF THE
Whig MISCELLANY.

Containing of the following

P O E M S.

- I. On the Duke of Marlborough's going into Germany.
- II. The Oak and the Elm.
- III. An Inscription upon a Monument.
- IV. The Oak and the Elm.
- V. On the Duke of Marlborough's going into Germany.
- VI. The Oak and the Elm.



LONDON:
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((1))



TO HIS
GRACE
THE
Duke of *Marlborough*;

Upon his Going into

G E R M A N Y.



O, Mighty PRINCE, and those Great
Nations see,

Which thy Victorious Arms before made
Free;

B

View

View that Fam'd *Column*, where thy Name engrav'd,
 Shall tell their Children who their *Empire* sav'd.
 Point out that *Marble*, where thy Worth is shown
 To every Grateful Country, but thy Own.
 O Censure undeserv'd! Unequal Fate!
 Which strove to Lessen *Him* who made *Her* Great;
 Which Pamper'd with Success, and Rich in Fame,
 Extoll'd his Conquest, but Condemn'd his Name:
 But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,
 Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet He untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
 Flies from no Danger, but *Domestick* Fairs.
 Leaves Busie Tongues, and Lying Fame behind,
 And tries at least in other Climes to find,
 Our Rage by Mountains, and by Seas confin'd,
 Yet smiling at the Dart, which *Envy* shakes,
 He only fears for *Her*, whom he forsakes;

He

He grieves to find the Course of *Virtue* crost,
 Blushing to see our Blood no better lost.
 Disdains in Faction Parties to contend,
 And proves in Absence most *Britannia's* Friend.

So the Great *SCIPIO* of Old, to shun
 That Glorious Envy, which his Arms had won,
 Far from his Dear, Ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
 Prepar'd, whene'er His Country's Cause requir'd,
 To shine in *Peace* or *War*, and be again Admir'd. }

B e

T H E

THE
OAK
AND THE
BRIAR.
A
TALE.

A WOODSTOCK Park, in Ancient Time
there stood

A goodly, aged Oak, itself a Wood,
Who to the Skies his stately Arms display'd,
Fam'd for his Airy Height, and Reverend Shade.

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But now Old Age, (what will not Age consume !)
 Blasted the Glory of his Youthful Bloom ;
 And He, who once reign'd Monarch of the Field,
 Conquer'd by none but Time, is forc'd to yield.
 He, who of late look'd o'er the Spacious Plain,
 And view'd the Subject Shrubs with just Disdain,
 Beneath whose Boughs the Cattle safely stood,
 Furnish'd at once with Shelter, and with Food.
 Who to the Farmer paid an annual Due,
 As Tribute for the Ground on which he grew.
 Now sees each rude, malicious blight Deface
 His former Honours, and departing Grace.
 Now the Grey Moss has marr'd his withering Rind,
 And his bald Top's the Sport of every Wind.
 Now pointed Blasts his batter'd Branches gore,
 Which not the loudest Storm could shake before.

An

An Upstart *Briar* rose too near his Side,
 Full of his Earth-born Self, and Swoln with Pride;
 Which thrust his prickly Head, in vaunting wise,
 Aloft in Air, and seem'd to threat the Skies.
 Whose armed Leaves sweet Smelling Flowers adorn,
 And opening Roses blossom on his Thorn.
 Hither the Nymphs accustom'd to repair,
 And gather Garlands for their Golden Hair.
 Hither the little Birds would oft retreat,
 And Warbling Tunes of Love or Grief repeat.
Linnets and *Nightingales* would hither fly,
 With every Feather'd Poet of the Sky.
 At this the foolish *Briar* conceited grew,
 Pleas'd with the Birds who to his Bushes flew,
 And proud of Flowers, which for the Ladies blew.
 This puff'd him so, that he began to scold
 At the Good Oak, because the Oak was old.

What

What dost thou mean (quoth he) thou brutish Block,
 The Ground to cumber with thy barren Stock?
 No Shadow now thy Leafless Head bestows,
 Nor the least Acorn on thy Branches grows.
 See how my Flowers are with fresh Beauty spread,
 Or dy'd in Lilly-white, or Rosy-red.
 My lively Leaves are cloath'd in lusty Green,
 A Colour worthy of a Maiden Queen.
 While thy Waste, Bulky Body, (which so long
 The Earth has bore, and groan'd beneath the Wrong)
 Almost a Carcase, and scarce half alive,
 Would me of all my springing Bloom deprive.
 Hid are my Blossoms, and beclouded now,
 By such a Useless, Worthless Thing as Thou.
 The fragrant Odours which my Flourets threw,
 Sweeter than Spicy Forests ever knew,
 Are poison'd by your mouldy Moss, and you.

If

If then you would not my Displeasure prove,
Be gone, Old Trunk, and from this Green remove.

Thus in contemptuous Strain the Bramble spoke,
Little reply'd the generous, suffering Oak.

But his vile Taunts with as much Courage bore,
As when he fought with Winds and Storms before.
Yet inwardly his Mighty Heart did bleed,
Thus to be snubb'd for every glorious Deed,
By a poor Shrub, a despicable Weed.

It happen'd once upon a certain Day,
So Fate ordain'd, the Landlord came that Way,
As was his Custom, to Survey his Ground,
And mark his stately Trees in Compass round ;
Which, fit for lopping, would most Gain produce,
And furnish Rafter for the Builder's Use :

Soon

Soon as the Briar kenn'd him from afar,
 His Spight awaken'd, and reviv'd the War.
 His Ancient Quarrel he remember'd still,
 (For Malice has a Memory for Ill.)
 To gain the Patron was his only Aim,
 And rouse the dying Embers to a Flame.
 For this the sturdy Oak he thus arraign'd,
 And causlessly in formal Speech complain'd.
 O my Liege Lord, on whom my Life depends,
 (And then his suppliant, sneaking Head he bends,)
 Ponder, I pray you, my complaining Moan
 Of Wrongs, enough to move a very Stone:
 Which your poor Vassal daily must endure,
 Unless your Goodness brings a speedy Cure.
 Grief will dispatch me, if this Oak proceed
 To grow successful, and none curb his Speed.
 If in Felonious Force he thus go on,
 I, wretched I, am utterly undone.

The Good Man, wounded with this piteous Plea,
 Against an Ancient, Serviceable Tree,
 Stood mute, and wonder'd what the Plaintiff meant;
 But griev'd, and found his easie Heart relent.
 For Pity's credulous, and the Distrest
 Soon gain th' Ascendant on an honest Breast.
 Go on, he cry'd, and in thy Tale proceed:
 Then thus began this proud insulting VVeed;
 (As is the Custom of Ambitious Folk,)
 His colour'd Crime with painted Words to cloke.

Ah, my Dear Sovereign Lord, whose Favours fall
 On every Plant, the Humble and the Tall,
 Do not poor I, thy own Plantation, stand
 As well as Oaks, the Monsters of thy Land?
 I furnish Blossoms in the Vernal Prime,
 And Scarlet Berries for the Summer Time;

How

How comes it then that this declining Oak,
 Whose Trunk is sapless, and whose Arms are broke,
 Whose naked Branches stretching to the Sky,
 Should haughtily the flow'ring Briar defy?
 Who darkens with his Shade my lovely Light,
 And robs me of the Sun's refreshing Sight.
 Oft from my Wounds the Blood is seen to slide,
 His wither'd Boughs so beat my tender Side.
 His hoary Locks on my fresh Flourets cast,
 Before their Time, my Honours have defac'd.
 For cruel Wrongs, and Outrages like these,
 I only beg your Goodness would appease
 The ranc'rous Rigour of his potent Spight,
 Refrain his Rage, and do your Vassal Right.
 To whom, unless your Patronage is just,
 His Beauties soon will moulder in the Dust.
 At this with worthy Indignation struck,
 Th' undaunted Oak his lofty Branches shook,

Prepar'd an Answer, and to clear at large
 His Honour from his Adversary's Charge.
 But his foul Tongue us'd poorly to inform,
 Had in the Landlord rais'd so high a Storm;
 So much this Worm had wriggled in his Ear,
 The Landlord could not, or He would not, hear,
 But Home he hasted in a furious Heat,
 Did Vows of Vengeance to himself repeat.
 He bent the harmful Hatchet in his Hand,
 (Ah, that the Hatchet should so ready stand!)
 Impatient, to the Park alone he speeds,
 (For little is the Help which Mischief needs.)
 His silent Malice on the Tree to wreak,
 For very Anger would not let him speak.
 Then to the Root he bent his sturdy Stroak,
 And gash'd with many a Wound the injur'd Oak.
 The Ax recoil'd, as if th' unwilling Steel,
 Relented at each Blow which made him reel.

Whether

Whether the conscious Iron was afraid,
 And to his good Old Age just Reverence paid ;
 For it had been a very Ancient Tree,
 Sacred of Old, with many a Mystery.
 Crost was it often by the Priestly Crew,
 And hallow'd oft with Holy-water Dew.
 But Priests in vain their Holy-water spent,
 In vain to Heav'n their Prayers and Blessings sent.
 Old Age will come, and with it sure Decay ;
 And what can drive the Dart of Fate away ?
 The Good Man labour'd at each hearty Blow :
 The wounded Oak sigh'd at his Overthrow.
 The Steel had pierc'd his Pith, and Truth to tell,
 He gave a piteous Groan, and down he fell ;
 His wond'rous Weight made all the Park to quake,
 The Ground shrunk under him, and seem'd to shake ;
 Prostrate he lyes upon his Native Earth,
 Pitied by none but those who knew his Worth.

Now

Now Reigns the Bramble, like a Lord, alone,
 Puff'd up with Pride, and like a Bladder blown.
 Pert as a Pye, and as a Peacock gay,
 And pleasant as the merry Month of *May*.
 But Grief succeeding, sudden Mirth destroys,
 And treads upon the Heels of hasty Joys.
 Now Winter draws her stormy Legions forth,
 And Blustering *Boreas* rages from the *North*.
 By these the solitary Briar is torn,
 Naked, abandon'd, helpless and forlorn.
 In vain he seeks for some protecting Shade,
 Dead is that Tree, to whom he flew for Aid.
 Now he repents his foolish Pride too late,
 And pities the good Oak's unworthy Fate :
 The biting Frost nips all his Branches dead,
 And showry Rains weigh down his feeble Head.

The

The heaped Snow now burdens him so fore,
 His Strength is lost, and he can rise no more.
 But prostrate laid, is trampled in the Dirt
 By brouzing Cattle, and severely hurt.
 For scorning reverend Age, this Fall he found,
 Unpitied, spurn'd, and grov'ling on the Ground.

So fare the Man, who fed with vain Desires,
 By others Ruin, to be Great aspires,
 And such the Fate of all Ambitious Briars !

}

INSCRIPTIO

Triumphalis Arcus a LUDOVICO Decimo
Quarto in Victoriarum ejus Memoriam
nuperrime Erecti.

*L*Udovicus Magnus,
Cui Omnia (quæ vix ulli Principum) contigere:
Ortus propè Divinus,
Pares animo corporis dotes,
Coæva Regno Victoria;
Devotissimi Populi,
Integer Fiscus,

Iusta

The Inscription of a Triumphal Arch lately Erected by the French King, in Memory of his Famous Victories; and the Author, (as 'tis reported,) had a Thousand Pound for his Encouragement.

LEWIS the Great,

Whom Heav'n has Crown'd in every Brave Design,

With Blessings scarcely known to any State,

Or Royal Favourite of Fate;

A Birth almost Divine,

A Body Beauteous as his Mind:

Both fully'd with no vicious Stain,

And Victory coeval with his Reign.

A People of firm Loyalty,

An overflowing Treasury.

D

War

*Iusta Bella,
Fortuna Constans ;
Attritis unà Batavis,
Fractis Germanis,
Domitis Hispanis,
Et repressis Anglis.
Bello toti Europa vel illato vel ostentato,
Pace ; quam voluit, Lege Sancitâ,
Triumphalem Arcum
Imperij Æternitati consulens
Sui Securus erexit.*

War founded on the justest Right,
 And Fortune constant in the Fight;
Batavians worsted in the Field,
 And sturdy *Germans* forc'd to yield,
 While haughty *Spain* receives his Law,
 And stubborn *England's* kept in Awe.
 After all *Europe*, frighted with Alarms,
 Had felt the single Terrour of his Arms;
 After a Peace desir'd,
 And ratify'd, as he himself requir'd,
 This *Arch* erected, Witness of his Fame,
 Which shall to future Times proclaim
 How He, by adding Empires to his Throne,
 Enlarges, and Secures his own.

Pars AVERSA.

LUDOVICUS TYRANNUS,

Nulli Tyrannorum Secundus

Cujus Ortus (nî Fama mendax) spurius,

Flagellum Mundi.

Humano Sanguine nunquam satiatus.

Cui PAPA & Jesuitarum cohors

Hyperaspistes Strenui,

Fraudulenti Populi.

Injustis Bellis,

Fortunâ satis admirandâ

Pecuniâ, Fraude, Perjurio,

The REVERSE.

LEWIS the Great,
The First of the Tyrannic Sons of Earth,
And (if Report does rightly urge)
Of Spurious Birth,
The World's Imperial Scourge,
Who drawing out a Crimson Flood,
Ne'er quench'd his Thirst of Human Blood :
While Popish, Jesuitic Art,
With Strenuous Fraud maintain his Part,
The helpless Subject quite undone,
And War unjustly carry'd on.
(Fortune indeed declaring on his Side)
By Bribery,
Deceit and Perjury.

Ad-

Ad Summum fastigium euectus :

Batavis,

Germanis,

Hispanis,

Territis, vel attritis,

Intactis Anglis,

At Aureâ manu penè sopitis

Bello (satis pro Imperio) minitato,

Factâq; Pace Punicâ,

Triumphalem Arcum

Crudelitatis suæ monumentum

Præfictâ fronte,

Et obdurato animo

Nec Deum timens, nec Hominem,

Superbificè erexit.

Advanc'd to the stupendous Pinnacle of Pride,
Holland, Germany and Spain,
 Not baffled, only terrify'd ;
England attempted, but in vain,
 Tho' almost lull'd with Golden Dreams of Gain :
 After a threatned *War* and *Punic Peace*,
 He this Triumphal Arch did raise,
 The Witness of his own Disgrace,
 Perpetual Mouument of Shame,
 Which shall to future Times Proclaim
 With what audacious Brow, and Iron Hand,
 He proudly God defy'd, and ravag'd every Land.

On

On Burning the
Bishop of St *Asaph's*
P R E F A C E
TO HIS
Four SERMONS.

NO! Sacred Pages, never more repine,
Tho' Sacrific'd to *Faction*, and Design.
Thy Votaries by this more strong become,
Gath'ring fresh Vigour from your *Martyrdom*.
Arabian Spices so dissolv'd by Heat,
Scatter Perfumes around, Divinely sweet.

So

So thy Professors fell in wicked Days,
 Their glorious Lives concluding with a Blaze;
 By such a Death wou'd I obtain a Name,
 And make my Zeal outshine my Funeral Flame.
 So from the World the *CÆSARS* did retire,
 Ascending to the Gods from Piles of Fire.
 So *PTOLEMY*'s fam'd Library did shine,
 In unlearn'd Flames, no Loss compar'd to thine.
 Sure from your Smoke some Miracle must rise,
 As when an Angel mounted to the Skies,
 And sanctify'd the Flame in *MANOAH*'s Sacrifice.
 Spight of thy adverse Fate thou shalt be read,
 Nor die till Principle and Truth be dead.

But O! Expect what the *Three Children* bore,
 A Fire that's Seven times hotter than before,
 And all that *Tory* Rage can practice more.
 Yet *Thou* shalt feel no Harm, no Fear disclose,
 But, like the *Furnace*, flash upon thy *Foes*.

E

THE

THE
FAVOURITE
A
SIMILE.

WHEN Boys at *ETON* once a Year,
In Military Pomp appear,
He, who just trembled at the Rod,
Treads it a *HEROE*, talks a *GOD*,
And in an Instant can create
A *DOZEN* Officers of State :

His little Legion all assail,
 Arrest without Release or Bail :
 Each passing Traveller must halt,
 Must pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.
 You don't love *Salt*, you say — and storm —
 Look o' these *Staves*, Sir — and *Conform*;
 But yet this *Sun*, that shines so bright,
 In *sable Gown* will set at Night,
 And Morn return with *College Appetite*.

Thus the *New FAVOURITE* in his Plumes,
New Manners and *New Airs* assumes :
 He who before was at your Whistle,
 Begins to bully, frown, and bristle ;
 And to his Band of Hireling *Tartars*,
 Gives *Pensions*, *Places*, *Titles*, *Garters* ;
 His Schemes, his Projects, all must be
 A Law to *BOB*, his *Grace*, and *Me* :

His

His Friends stand close, and aid his Pow'r;
 What, don't you like him?—to the Tow'r.
 You swear 'tis strange—but let this Fume
 In busie Play itself consume:
 See him chagrin at last retire
 To a *Welch* Farm, and Country Fire;
 With this to Comfort Fallen State,
The Time has been when HE was Great.

F I N I S

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